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BEAUTY:

OR, THE

ART of CHARMING.

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( Price One Shilling. )

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY

PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY

BY

# B E A U T Y :

O R T H E

## Art of Charming.

A

# P O E M.

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*Ce qui me touche en elle, c'est son silence, sa Modestie, sa Retraite, son travail assidu, son Industrie pour les Ouvrages de laine & de broderie, son Application a conduire toute la Maison de son Pere depuis que sa Mere est morte, son mepris des vaines parures, l'oubli & l'ignorance meme qui paroît en elle de sa Beaute. Que je serois heureux, si je passois ma vie avec elle !*

TELEMAQUE.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for LAWTON GILLIVER at *Homer's Head* against *St. Dunstan's Church* in *Flettstreet*,  
MDCCXXXV.

( Price One Shilling. )

# BEEHIVE

OR THE

## Art of Cheating

A

# POEM

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By the Author of the "Art of Cheating"  
LONDON: Printed by J. B. Nichols, in Pall Mall.  
1794.

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# BEAUTY :

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## ART of CHARMING.



WHAT gives the Maiden Blush its love-  
liest Dye,  
Charms in a Smile, or wounds us from  
an Eye,

The Muse shall sing. Attend and learn, ye Fair,  
The Heart of Man resistless to ensnare.

O HARTFORD! born with every Female Charm  
The Eye to ravish, or the Heart to warm:  
Fair in thy Form, still fairer in thy Mind;  
With Beauty Wisdom; Sense with Sweetness join'd:

B Great



Great without Pride, and lovely without Art,  
 Your Looks Good-nature, Words Good-sense impart.  
 Thus form'd to charm, O deign to hear the Song,  
 Whose best, whose sweetest Strains to you belong.

Beauty! Thou sweet Reformer of Mankind!  
 Polish'd by thee the Clown becomes refin'd;  
 The Haughty humble, and the Rude well-bred,  
 The Tim'rous valiant, and the Bold afraid.  
 Cheer'd by thy Smiles the Wretch forgets his Woe,  
 And from thy Frowns our tenderest Sorrows flow.  
 Aw'd in thy Prefence Fops and Smarts forbear,  
 With Jest obscene to wound the modest Ear.  
 For thee the Warrior bears the rough Campaign,  
 Nor knows to tremble but at thy Disdain.  
 Inspir'd by thee our latent Worth appears,  
 A brave Ambition fires our early Years  
 To rise in Merit, or polite to shine,  
 And all our greatest, worthiest Deeds are Thine.

What is this Beauty? What this wond'rous Pow'r,  
 Which all Mankind in various Forms adore?  
 Love sure an Image paints in every Breast,  
 And each Pursues the Picture there express'd.

The



The Fair, the Black, the Brown, all have their Charm,  
 Their different Beauties different Bosoms warm.  
 Where lies this Charm? — Alas, not in the Skin;  
 The Life of Beauty rises from within;  
 Flows from the Soul, and animates the Breast,  
 In Words and Actions, Looks and Smiles exprest.

What gives *Ardelia* that resistless Grace?  
 Nor Rose nor Lilly's Bloom adorns her Face.  
 True; but who sees her smile, or hears her speak,  
 Finds there are Charms that dwell not in the Cheek.  
 While see *Lavinia*: there the sparkling Eye,  
 The Rose and Lilly in their fairest Die,  
 With all the Charms of Face and Shape unite,  
 In vain: her Affectation spoils them quite.  
 And who but sees or hears her one half Hour,  
 Finds Red and White are but of feeble Power.

Learn then this Truth, of Consequence to know,  
 Good-sense will give the homeliest Face to glow;  
 To glow with Charms intrinsically bright,  
 Fair to the Mind, tho' homely to the Sight.  
 Without it *Cloe's* Lip, young *Flora's* Cheek,  
 And *Celia's* Eye, in vain Admirers seek:

Without

Without it fair *Calista* long has mourn'd  
 A Maid, still wond'ring why her Charms are scorn'd.  
 Whence but from want of This to guide aright,  
 So many shock us, aiming to delight.

*Titteria* thinks to laugh's a Sign of Wit,  
 Hence every Word is follow'd by a Fit:  
 Her Face, in which some Charms might else be seen,  
 Is constantly distorted with a Grin.

This Indecorum sage *Prudera* sees,  
 And strives with stiffen'd Gravity to please.  
 In mimick Modesty demure she stands,  
 Her Apron-strings support her folded Hands.  
 Nor Smile nor Frown her equal Visage wears,  
 Affectedly unmov'd with all she hears.  
 The fond *Pigmalion* who makes her his Wife,  
 Must beg the Gods to give his Statue Life.

But see *Flirtilla* ; pretty little Thing !  
 Always in Action ; flutter, dance, and sing,  
 Laugh, ogle, smile, and bow, and prate, and tease ;  
 Poor little Poppet how it strives to please !

And fine *Emilia* too ; so fair her Form,  
 That all she says, and all she does must Charm ;

And

And one would think so: But so nice her Care  
 To speak, to move, with a peculiar Air;  
 So soft, so languishing, so neat, so prim,  
 The pretty Fool is seen in every Limb.

But shun Extrems. *Blowzella* wants no Charm  
 Of Wit, or Face, the Heart of Man to warm.  
 But she's so over-free, so over-plain,  
 So unpolite, so awkward, so ungain,  
 So much above all Thought or Care of Drefs,  
 So much a Blowze, so very much a *Bess*,  
 That did not *William* follow when she goes,  
 The World might think my Lady, *William's* Spouse.

Some hope to charm (forbear the vain Pretence)  
 With Learning, Wit, and more than common Sense.  
 Deep read in Mistry and holy Writ,  
 They dearly love to pose a poor Man's Wit:  
 Question on Question wildly they propound,  
 Till, with the World, their giddy Heads turn round.  
 Study Sir *Isaac* at the Pastry School,  
 And make Mince-Pies by Mathematick Rule.  
 Know every Art, and every Science teach,  
 Of nothing ignorant — but how to Stitch.

Forgive the Muse, who owns the Female Mind  
 Is doubly fair with Knowledge when refin'd;  
 Doubly engaging to a Man of Sense;  
 She only bids — beware the false Pretence.

But various Passions Female Minds engage,  
 Some, scorning These, a War with Learning wage:  
 A modish Ignorance with Pride confess.  
 And hate all Arts but the dear Art of Dress.  
 Their Hopes to charm in Paint and Powder lie,  
 In Gold, in Diamonds, and Embroidery.  
 Before the Toilet sit from Morn to Night,  
 Then rise from *Betty's* Hands divinely Bright.  
 Ah learn, ye Fair, your native Charms to prize!  
 The more you dress, you but the more disguise:  
 Leave to the Beaus your pretty prinking Art,  
 Of late so zealous to usurp the Part.

Thus far the Muse unwilling has pursu'd  
 A Task ungrateful, but of general Good.  
 Just touch'd your Foibles with a gentle Hand,  
 Too kind to lash, too young to reprimand:  
 Blam'd your wrong Conduct only to excite  
 To what is really charming, virtuous, right.

But

But is your Art, sage Master, only taught  
 From the false Conduct, and the vicious Draught?  
 Are just Examples in this Age so rare,  
 As none are found that might engage the Fair?  
 O yes! from These the Muse her Precepts draws,  
 Her Art she borrows hence, and hence her Laws.  
 Turn then, ye Fair, from Pictures you despise,  
 And here with Emulation fix your Eyes.

See lovely *Sym-r*, charming to the Sight,  
 Her Face, her Shape, her Smile, Mankind's Delight.  
 But tho' adorn'd with each external Grace,  
 Soft blooming Beauty blushing in her Face;  
 Tho' all the Graces sparkle in her Eyes;  
 Tho' Love in Ambush on her Bosom lies;  
 Yet These not half her Charms: her snowy Breast  
 Is doubly fair, fair Virtue is its Guest.

Good-nature gives her Eyes to shine more bright,  
 The sweet Complexion of her Soul is white:  
 White with chaste Innocence, and Peace serene,  
 And all her Charms are heighten'd from within.

See beauteous *Sh-ts-ry*, eminently bright,  
 At once our Admiration and Delight.

An easy Smile adorns her lovely Mien;  
 Gay sparkling Beauty in her Eyes is seen.  
 But search within: their Charm they borrow thence;  
 Good-nature forms the Smile, the Look Good-sense.

With Rapture see all Nature's Graces meet,  
 In *R--hm--d*'s beauteous Frame, and shine compleat.  
 Refin'd from Heaven with all that's fair and good;  
 And warm'd with all the Charms of Flesh and Blood;  
 Such melting Sweetness, such a Heaven of Love  
 Again might tempt, but ne'er would yield to Jove.

But see, superior to the finest Pen,  
*Q--sb--ry*, the Darling both of Gods and Men.  
 So fair her Mind, her Angel Form so bright,  
 'Tis hard to say which gives us most delight:  
 Each heightens each; in both th' engaging Power  
 So sweetly mixt, that neither can have more.

But These inimitable: here you view  
 Th' united Force of Sense and Beauty too;  
 Divine Conjunction! and supream in each,  
 All may admire, but few can hope to reach.

And thus the Charms of Feature when combin'd  
 With Virtue, Sense, and Beauties of the Mind,

Are

Are lovely then indeed we must confess,  
 But 'tis to these they owe their Loveliness:  
 And these our Art wou'd teach: If blest with these,  
 Or Fair, or Brown, you all have Charms to please.

Has Heaven then to your Form not been so kind,  
 Mourn not the Loss: adorn your self with Mind.  
 From thence a Source of various Charms shall rise,  
 More amiable than Lips, or Cheeks, or Eyes.  
 What is the blooming Tincture of a Skin,  
 To Peace of Mind? To Harmony within?  
 What the bright Sparkling of the finest Eye,  
 To the soft Soothing of a calm Reply?  
 Can Comeliness of Form, or Shape, or Air,  
 With Comeliness of Words and Deeds compare?  
 No: Those at first th' unwary Heart may gain,  
 But These, These only can that Heart retain.

*Florella*, blest with every outward Grace,  
 Shape, Air, Complexion, and a beauteous Face,  
 Had long imperial Tyranny maintain'd  
 O'er gentle *Damon*, and his Suit disdain'd.

D

Vain

Vain of her Charms she thought his Heart her own,  
 Thought Life and Death was in her Smile or Frown ;  
 And oft when tenderest Words told how he lov'd,  
 The fair Coquet was but with Laughter mov'd ;  
 Thought his fond Sighs the Tribute of her Beauty,  
 And all his Love no more than just his Duty.  
 Nor car'd to Please, nor fought to heal his Smart,  
 Fond of the Power to tantalize his Heart.

O what the Pangs which flighted Lovers feel,  
 Those who have felt them only can reveal !  
*Damon*, unable to conceal his Grief,  
 In Silence and Retirement sought Relief.  
 Convers'd no more ; refus'd or Food or Rest,  
 The soft Disease still growing in his Breast.  
 What shall he do ? The vain imperious Fair,  
 Nor hears his Love, nor feels his tender Care.  
 Regardless of his Woe, new Vows receives,  
 Proud of the Pleasure, and the Pain she gives.

One Day all pensive leaning on his Arm,  
 In Fancy fondly viewing every Charm,


Appears



Appears a Sister of the lovely Dame,  
 His bosom Friend, *Carissa* was her Name.  
*Carissa*, neither blest with Charms of Face,  
 Nor Shape, nor Air, nor any outward Grace  
 Yet shines a Beauty, purely from within,  
 There are the Loves, and there the Graces seen.  
 Mild as the gentle Breath of blooming *May*,  
 Sweet as its Flowers, and chearful as its Day.  
 Yet soft Compassion oft bedew'd her Eyes,  
 Her Breast at others Grief wou'd heave with Sighs.  
 No envious Passions mov'd her Hate or Spleen,  
 Her Heart was friendly, and her Soul serene.  
 Pleas'd in her self, she seem'd no Care to know,  
 But the soft Pain of pitying others Woe.

To Her, his well-known Friend, the Youth address'd,  
 Told all his Grief, his tender Flame confess'd ;  
 Beg'd her Assistance powerful to perswade,  
 And move to Pity the relentless Maid.  
 Griev'd with his Grief, the tender Fair comply'd,  
 A thousand ways to gain her Sister try'd ;

Now



Now urg'd his Worth, and now his Wealth to move,  
 But more than all the rest his tender Love.  
 In vain; the fluttering Beauty still denies,  
 Nor hears *Carissa's* Words, nor *Damon's* Sighs.

This when she told, transfix'd with Grief he stood,  
 The silent Tears run down a trickling Flood.  
 Health, Strength, and Beauty, leave his manly Frame,  
 And ghastly Sickness, pale and meagre came.  
 A real Fever now his Veins possess,  
 And deeper Anguish seiz'd upon his Breast.  
 Touch'd to the Soul, *Carissa*, tender Maid,  
 All Means of Comfort and Relief essay'd.  
 Now feeds with flattering Hopes of kind Return,  
 Now fortifies his Mind against her Scorn;  
 Prepares his Medicines, or directs his Food,  
 With all the friendly Offices of Good.

Long time he languisht, but to ease her Toil,  
 Returning Health at length began to smile;  
 And with his Health his Reason too Return'd,  
 No more his Breast for vain *Florella* burn'd.

His

His Eyes now open, from blind Passion clear,  
 The Beauties of *Carissa* all appear ;  
 Fair to the Mind, agreeable to Sight,  
 Love, Reason, Virtue, in her Cause unite.

With secret Pleasure she perceiv'd the Change,  
 Yet such her Modesty, she thought it strange:  
 Unconscious of the Beauties of her Soul,  
 She fear'd *Florella's* Eyes might still controul.  
 When thus young *Damon*. — "O thou lovely Fair !  
 " Hear now my Love, and now my Reason hear ;  
 " Where has that Love, and where that Reason been,  
 " That thy fair Charms till now were never seen ?  
 " Strange Blindness ! Folly ! — O believe it true,  
 " What Beauty was till now I never knew,  
 " Nor what was Love. 'Twas Madness all-engaging,  
 " A Mutiny of wild Desires engaging.  
 " Here 'tis soft Peace, and mutual Joy sincere,  
 " Here every Word and every Look endear :  
 " Beauty, is Harmony in Deed and Thought ;  
 " And Love, true Friendship to Perfection brought.

E

" Come

“ Come then, my Fair, these tender Vows receive,  
“ Forget my Folly, and my Love believe:  
“ Blest in thy Arms my future Days I'll spend,  
“ Thy Husband, Guardian, Comforter, and Friend.

With blushing Sweetness she receiv'd a Kiss,  
Believ'd his Vows, nor long delay'd his Blifs.



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